

A N

Heroick Poem

UPON THE

K I N G:

Humbly Presented to the

Q U E E N.

By WILLIAM CULPEPER, Esq.

The Hero makes the Poet. —

L O N D O N;

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The gift of
Ernest Blaney Dane

T O T H E Q U E E N.

May it please Your Majesty,

O soon as I had finish'd this Poem (and indeed while I was composing it) I hop'd it might not be unwelcome to YOUR MAJESTY, since it presents (tho not so perfectly as I could wish) the Character of the Greatest Man that lives, whose Person must ever be so dear to YOUR MAJESTY and the Kingdom.

What I have now Writ, I beg YOUR MAJESTY to Accept, not as the Work of a Low, Servile Pen, but as the Zeal of a Man that desires to raise his Thoughts as high as Truth and Justice.

With this Mind I have represented King William and King Lewis as Unlike as they really are, as Contrary as Light and Darknes; which I have done with respect to King Lewis (as a Crown'd Head) greater than he Personally deserves.

Several Pens are now employ'd by that King to write his Life; but whatever they can say, Truth is Truth, and will be too mighty for King Lewis; no doubt the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Praises of Nero, Domitian, Commodus, and other Monsters of Human Nature were writ by as Ingenious Men as any France can boast of, tho none of their Works have Surviv'd, as indeed they neither ought nor could, being against all Truth and Modesty; but after their Deaths the Histories of these Wicked Tyrants were Impartially writ, and their Names recorded Odious to Posterity; while the Excellent Characters of Augustus, Nerva, Trajan, and other Good Princes and Patriots (which were writ in their own Times, and which Themselves had the Satisfaction to read) have descended Ages, and will probably last as long as the World.

This Great Reward of Vertue will be paid to the KING, and YOUR OWN MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, whose Memories must be, as Your Lives, Glorious.

That Your Lives may long continue so, that the greatest of Earthly Blessings may be preserved to these Nations, and indeed to the World, is the most Earnest Prayer of,

May it please Your Majesty,

YOUR MAJESTIES,

Most Obedient Dutiful Subject, and
most Devoted Humble Servant,

W. CULPEPER.

A N
Heroick POEM
U P O N T H E
K I N G.

I F the Disturbers of the World can raise
Themselves a Name, and loud Admirers find ;
What is, or ought to be those Princes praise,
That awe th' Oppressors, and relieve Mankind?

The *French* Dominion still increas'd by wrong,
To a prodigious height at last is grown ;
As if Heav'n suffer'd it t' obtain so long,
To be by *NASSAW'S* Conduct overthrown.

In whose first years th' expecting World could see
Rare Wisdom with undaunted Courage meet ;
Like young *Augustus*, promising to be
What since we've found him, ev'ry thing that's Great.

Descended from a truly Glorious Race ;
 His Ancestors the Pow'r of *Austria* broke :
 Now *France* usurps, and takes the Tyrant's place,
 His Arm delivers *Europe* from the Yoke.

The Far-designing *Lewis* soon betray'd
 His fear of this, and with deserv'd Success,
 That most Injurious War with *Holland* made,
 In hopes the rising *Hero* to oppress.

Whose solid Virtue fenc'd against the Blow,
 And Courage to the *Holland State* restor'd :
 The *French* ('tis now resolv'd) the weight shall know,
 Of the Young General's revenging Sword.

Towns that were forc'd the Invaders to obey,
 (Before *Illustrious William* undertook
 The near expiring Commonwealth to sway)
 Now with the last Confusion They forsook.

As once by *Hercules* a Serpent's head
 Was bruise'd when touch'd by his yet tender hand ;
 So the *French* Hope of conquering lay dead,
 When the Young Prince exerted his Command.

But fierce Ambition will not be at rest,
 Tho here 'tis stop'd from its intended Course,
 'Twill, as it can, some other place infest,
 And rage till 'tis agen repell'd by force.

Flanders by violent Incursions laid

In heaps of Ruin', yet was unsubdu'd :
His Highness ever came with pow'rful Aid ,
 And hither the destroying *French* pursu'd.

Seneff, I must with Admiration name ,
 Where *Conde's* Glory an Affront receiv'd ;
 And *Mons* of equal everlasting Fame ,
 With Slaughter of the routed *French* reliev'd.

At length all Nations for a Peace declare ,
 And now 'twas hop'd that *Europe's* broils might cease ;
 But *France* is not so dangerous in War ,
 As by her black Contrivances in Peace.

Strasburgh and *Luxemburgh's* surpriz'd, or bought ;
 The *Swiss* by Forts to *Lewis* Slaves are made ;
 His Allies to besiege *Vienna* brought ,
 And *Christendom* to Infidels betray'd.

In *England* by Intrigues, as *King*, he reign'd ;
 Our wretched Government it self destroy'd :
 We find a Foreign Interest maintain'd
 By Men in all Affairs of State employ'd.

The *Prince* contending in his Pious Breast ,
 Long our Deliv'rance by entreaty sought ,
 (If his high Virtue may be so exprest)
 He bore, till Patience was almost a fault.

Till

Till Horror and Destruction were at hand ;
 Our Forts to *Irish* Garisons betray'd ;
 Till *Priests* like Locusts overspread the Land ;
 Till *Jesuits* Privy-Counsellors were made.

Who longing the Occasion to improve,
 Meant *England* shou'd by Civil Rage be torn ;
 But the Almighty Ruling Power above
 Laughs on the Wise *Achitophels* with scorn.

Whilst with a most Auspicious Wind and Tide,
 The Great *Redeemer* to our *Island* sails,
 The Partisans of *France* prepare to hide,
 And *England's* Cause to *England's* Wish prevails.

Cæsar first came, and then subdu'd his Foes ;
His Highness Conquer'd faster than he came ;
 A Mighty Royal Army to oppose ,
 He sent before *THE TERROR OF HIS NAME.*

Too pow'rful for resistance or delay ;
 No signs of War are horrid to our sight ;
 But as the Glorious Planet of the Day ,
 Without Disturbance gives the Globe its light ,

Our *HERO* so ascends the *English* Throne ,
 Approv'd by Gracious Heav'ns peculiar Choice ;
 Choice by the whole Consent of Nations known ,
 The Lords, the Commons, and the Peoples Voice.

Who

Who now regain their Ancient Freedoms lost,
 And all their sense of Gratitude express;
 Men that against Crown'd Heads pretended most
 On this occasion their mistake confess.

Were *Vane* to live again, no more he wou'd
 His Notion of a Commonwealth maintain;
Cromwell himself wou'd yield to Publick Good,
 And own *Great WILLIAM* only fit to Reign.

At *England's* Union *Lewis* is aggriev'd;
 With hate and fierce intent of War he burns;
 At *Scotland* strikes, and having there receiv'd
 A sharp Repulse, his Force to *Ireland* turns.

For all Designs can *Lewis* want pretence?
 He puts Religion to that only use;
 He's *Ireland's* Friend, her Safety, her Defence;
 Her State to perfect Quiet he'll reduce.

'Tis sure, where nothing is alive to take
 This, or that Party, Faction needs must cease;
 Wherever Tyrants Desolation make,
 Their Mischief they applaud, and call it Peace.

This *Lewis* meant, to this his pow'r employ'd;
Ireland throughout with dying Cries is fill'd:
 Men with a Cruel Pleasure are destroy'd,
 And Ravish'd Women with their Infants kill'd.

The *KING* was mov'd, and with disdainful haſt
 This Insolent Barbarity reſtrain'd;
 Of *English* Rage he made its Actors taſt,
 And Ever Glorious Victory obtain'd.

As to this day, we mention with delight,
 What *England's* Foes in former Wars have loſt;
 What Numbers of the *French* were put to Flight;
 What Fleets of *Spaniards* wreckt upon our Coaſt.

Our Children ſpeaking of the preſent State,
 Shall ſay, What Conduct by the *KING* was ſhown;
 How *Ireland* by his Hand was ſnatcht from Fate;
 And Armies ſtrongly poſted, overthrow'n.

Nor are his Glories here or there confin'd,
 But in all Parts alike their Luſtre keep;
 His Arm's extended on the Seas and Wind;
 His Laurels root and flouriſh in the deep.

Let the *French King* his Enterpriſe repent;
 The proud Inſcription on his *Royal Sun*
 Is to the Bottom with Deriſion ſent,
 And a Deciding Day by *England* won.

No Artifice cou'd hide what *Lewis* loſt;
 'Twas ſeen by Flames, by ſound of Cannon known;
 A dreadful Sound that Eccho'd from his Coaſt,
 And ſhook the *Fearful Monarch* on his Throne.

What

What Eloquence can just description make
 Of *English* Valour us'd to burn and board !
 'Twas rous'd to see that *France* should undertake
 To Cope with *England's KING, the Ocean's LORD.*

Lepanto's fight the *Christians* safety brought,
 And well restrain'd the growing *Turkish* Pride ;
 Let *Lewis* learn from this, his giddy Thought
 Of Empire in the *West* to lay aside.

The World indeed shall feel *Great WILLIAM's* Sway,
 And distant Climates know his pow'ful Hand ;
 Both *Indies* with their Riches shall obey ;
 He that Commands the Sea Commands the Land.

Whilst *France* distrustful of her shatter'd Fleet,
 Can only the *Algiers* of *Europe* be ;
 Careful our Royal Navy not to meet,
 But with her Pyracies t'infest the Sea.

In vain by *Lewis* some Revenge is sought,
 Vast Armies like an over-whelming Flood
 Are now to Miserable *Flanders* brought,
 And *Flanders* is agen the Scene of Blood.

What Blood has *Landen's* Fierce Engagement cost ?
 Where all the most amazing things were done !
Lewis of such a Victory may boast
 As Ruin'd *Pyrrhus*, from the *Romans* won.

The French, a Force not equal came to find ;
 But this was only by the *KING* suppli'd,
 Who still beheld with an unshaken Mind,
 Contending Troops, and Death on every side.

The Almighty here our highest Praise shall claim,
 To Guard *the KING*, whose Fate had *Europe's* been;
 Heav'n's Pow'r is always in it self the same ;
 But thus more clearly to the World is seen.

Sure the Great *Lewis* may be now content
 His eager Thirst of Glory to restrain ;
 His Fame to after Ages shall be sent,
 It shall to Immortality attain,

For Persecutions his Renown shall last ;
 For secret Practices that fear the light,
 For breaking Leagues, for laying Countries wast ;
 Yet never once appearing in a Fight.

Whilst *WILLIAM's* Godlike Character shall be
 Oppos'd to all that men in *Lewis* find ;
 To set the Nations from his Rapine free ;
 To quell *the Beast* that preys upon Mankind.

Cou'd *Lewis* see with what auspicious Joy
 And Minds of Constancy *Our Commons* meet,
 When voting against *France* Our Arms t' employ
 They pour our Millions at our *Monarch's* feet.

Despairing

Despairing *Lewis* wou'd in spight confess,
 These Men that hold their Liberty so fast,
 Deserve their Dear-lov'd Blessing to possess,
 And will (no doubt) be *English* to their last.

Shou'd Heav'n (which Heav'n forbid) our choice require,
 A conquer'd *Nation*, or No more to be ;
 This Favour then, from Heav'n We shou'd desire,
 To sink our *Ancient Island* in the Sea.

Let Slaves, like Slaves, for fear Allegiance pay ,
 Let *Lewis* by Dragoons his Subjects awe ;
 The Free-born *English* willingly obey
 A *KING* that Governs, and is Great by Law.

Here our Desires are fixt, our Wishes rest,
 Sure now the Effect of *England's* Pray'rs is seen ;
 The people in their *KING* entirely Blest ;
 The *KING* in Them; both in the *Charming QUEEN*.

THE Charming QUEEN, the Lustre of her Court ,
THE Charming QUEEN, whose Goodness unconfin'd,
 And Noble Zeal the Injur'd to support,
 Shows a true Picture of Her *HERO's* mind.

Who with this *Fair Companion* of his Throne
 The honour of his Kingdoms shall maintain ;
 And over Vice succesfully go on,
 To use the Pow'r of this Illustrious Reign.

D

When

When Kings like Kings, and God's Vicegerents, act ;
 When they by their Examples Virtue grace ,
 Virtue with all their Subjects finds Respect ;
 And Vice, with Shame confounded, gives her place.

Molt of those Men that are for Heroes fam'd,
 To trace their Lives with an impartial care ,
 For some ill Actions may perhaps be blam'd ;
 Some Stain presents their Memories less fair.

Either their Youth in Luxury was drown'd,
 Or nothing cou'd their Rage to Reason bring ;
 Or nothing cou'd their wild Ambition bound ;
 But ev'ry Vertue's equal in *THE KING*.

Let me the *Macedonian's* mighty mind ,
 And *Cæsar's* Clemency together take,
 They may perhaps , to *Cato's* Justice join'd ,
 And *Scipio's* Temperance, *One WILLIAM* make.

My Gen'rous Muse that long has silent been ,
 That never wou'd to Flattery descend ,
 Never to praise successful Vice begin ;
 Engag'd in Virtue's Cause would never end.

But all the Wars, and deep Affairs of State,
 In which *Great WILLIAM* had a Glorious Part ;
 Exactly and with Judgment to relate
 Requires the World's both Industry and Art.

The willing Nations many shall afford ,
A Work so vast, so noble to pursue,
Whose Pens the greatest Wonders must record ,
To give *THIS HERO* of the Age his due.

F I N I S.
